Dodge received a four-page letter from Minneapolis giving "information" about the condition of the crops in the Northwest and urging him to give the monthly report a certain bias. This letter came by special delivery and was evidently aimed to reach the statisticians's office on the morning of the 10th. Of course Mr. Dodge paid no attention to it. These letters find their way very quickly to the waste-basket.
In May Mr. Dodge received a communication signed "A Farmer," which had no date line, but the envelope bore the post-

mark of Chicago. It read: Mr. Dodge: Dear Sir-For God sake, Mr. Dodge, go easy with your crop estimate on wheat. The farmers are starving now. They have got nothing scarcely for their wheat since last September. If you can estimate a big lot back in farmers' hands we will get starvation prices for the next six months. A FARMER. The hand-writing of this communication was evidently disguised. It was probably

written by some small speculator or broker who was interested on the bull side of the market. Hardly a month passes that does not bring a communication from New York signed "Justice," "Exporter," or "An Old Merchant." They are always in the same

ceived last month: NEW YORK, May 8, '91. Hon. Mr. Dodge, Statistician Agricultural Depart-

hand-writing. This is a sample of one re-

ment, Washington, D. C.: Dear Sir-You now can see what a few bold bears in Chicago can do by putting out lies-cause a decline of nearly 20 cents a bushel in wheat. Saying that our next wheat crop will reach 600,000,000 of hushels, and getting the foreign buyers to so believe. At their old game of robbing the farmers. This bear clique has caused hundreds of millions of dollars to be lost by the producers of this country. JUSTICE.

Mr. Snow is making a collection of these letters in the hope that the man in New York will sometime send a letter to the department over his own signature which will identify him as the author of these anonymous communications.

Supplemental to the bulletin which the department gets out on the 10th is a four-page bulletin containing an elaboration of the facts in the telegraph bulletin, which is mailed on the evening of the 11th or the morning of the 12th to an enormous list of farmers and others interested. The regular crop bulletin issued by the department comes out several days later, and it is so bulky a publication that it would be impossible to mail it to the tens of thousands of farmers and merchants who are anxious for something supplemental to the tele-graph report. Mr. Snow labored for a number of years to have this supplemental bul-letin issued, and finally, with the co-opera-tion of Mr. Hill, the editor of the department, and the approval of Secretary Rusk, he succeeded. This bulletin is sent to anyone who sends a request for it to the de-partment. The list of its subscribers now smounts to about eighty thousand, and it is being increased every day.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN. HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The Epoch. His Honor (to prisoner)-Step up to the bar and receive your sentence. Kentuckian (absent-mindedly)—Thanks; don't care if I do.

Labor in Vain.

Puck. "The new party is a sort of labor party, "Yes; and it needs to be. It will find it has a great deal of work on its hand.'

Her Fad. Ah, what can appease my dejection! I wooed her throughout a full moon. And now, with a heartless rejection, She dubs me her "souvenir spoon." -Emma Carleton, in Puck.

In the New House. Puck "What handsome plumbing you have!
Your pipes are plated, I see."
"I thought so at first; but judging from the way they work, I should say they were

Heterodox. New York Herald. Elder Berry-It is of no use to try to get Jobson into the church.

Deacon Quickset-Why not? Elder Berry-He says that when the world was created some one must have worked over nine hours. A Good Memory for Faces.

Brooklyn Life. "Excuse me, sir, but haven't we met be fore? Your face is strangely familiar." "Yes, madam; our host introduced us to

each other just before dinner." "Ah, I was positive I had seen you somewhere. I never forget a face." An Alien.

Tourist (in Kentucky)-I beg pardon, sir, but what is your name? Citizen-John Smith. Tourist-Well, Colonel Smith, I-Citizen-Hold on! I'm not a colonel. I just moved in here from the North last

week. Poor, Dear Count

Brooklyn Eagle. "Oh, Maud! Did you see that a real Italisn count had been discovered in New York mixing mortar for house-builders?"
"Poor, dear fellow! Can't they do some-"Well, they might give him a job as waiter."

Making a Home Industry of It. Mr. Hawk (strap in hand)-And so you

wanted to go out West and fight the In-Tommy Hawk-Y-Y-Yes, sir. Boo-hoo! Mr. Hawk-Well, just stay at home, then, and boycott the wooden ones at the cigar-

ette stores! His Political Pull. Brooklyn Eagle. "Dinny, me bye, I'm in throuble. Have

yez any pull in this coort?" "Here's \$5 for ye, Dinny. What pull have yez?" "I pull the benches into the nixt room

every marnin' befoor sweepin'." An Unanswerable Argument.

New York Weekly. Dr. Oldschool-Well, your humbug home-opathy has killed another man, I see. Dr. Newschool-Eh? Killed a man?

Dr. Oldschool-Yes, sir. The man! tried to give a dose of your miserable little pellets to a member of his family and he swallowed the cork. Yes, sir. Such a horrible accident couldn't happen in the allopathic treatment. No, sir. We use big bottles, with corks big enough to stay out of people's insides. Yes, sir.

Cool

Texas Siftings.

"Please, sir, can't you give me an old coat?" asked a mendicant of a wealthy merchant. As the mendicant had formerly been the servant of the merchant, the latter said: "Go over to the clothing store and pick yourself out a \$12 suit, and I'll come and

pay for it." The mendicant did as he was told. Taking the clothing-store man to one side, he "That old duffer sent me over to pick out a suit of clothes. Now, I want you to let

me have my commission, so I, too, will make something by this little trade." Drinks by Electricity.

Edison's accomplishments are not all in the electric line. He can tell a good story capitally. He told one the other day about an experience he had recently in an upcountry town in Pennsylvania one Sunday morning. He had been out to see some iron works. A cold rain was falling, and he got soaked through. When he reached the ho-tel the first thing he did was to order a hot

"Can't give it to you," said the clerk.
"Eh? Can't give it to me? Why not?"
"Because it's Sunday. We can't sell anything to drink on Sunday." "Well, but I'm wet through," said Edison, "and cold. I want a drink."
"Well, I'll tell you what we can do,"
replied the clerk, "we can give you a ko-

"What's Lodak!" asked Edison.
"You just go up to your room and press
the button. We do the rest." Edison got the drink

Detroit Free Press. "Is there any certain way of making money in connection with the stock ex-

"Of course there is." "Well, I wish you would tell me how." "By attending strictly to your business

MAJOR CARROLL'S "SCOOP"

Thrilling Details of the First Published Report of the Battle of Shiloh.

Piece of Newspaper War-Reporting That Was Likened to the Publication in the London Times of the Battle of Waterloo.

Washington Post. The author of what the New York Herald claimed, at the time, was the greatest piece of newspaper enterprise ever witnessed in connection with the reporting of agreat battle, is a resident of this city. This man is Maj. William O. Carroll, now a clerk in the Pension Office. It was the Major who wrote and put upon the wirethe first report of the battle of Pittsburg Landing, or, as it was afterward called, the battle of Shiloh.

The Herald, noticing this piece of work editorially, made the claim that its superior enterprise had ontranked all previous efforts, and quoted the great record of the London Times in publishing simultaneously with the receipt of the reports of the government the story of the battle of Waterloo, a feat unparalleled up to that

As compared to the work of the Herald in publishing an interesting story of the battle of Shiloh forty-eight hours in advance of all other publications, the work of the Times dwindled into insignificance. The Heraid also stated that the government depended upon the report of the Herald for its information, which its editor had sent to President Lincoln, and which the President had, in turn, transmitted to | night. the Senate and House of Representatives, then in session. How Major Carroll came to achieve this triumph is an exceedingly

interesting story. Early in April of 1862 Major Carroll, who had been at Island No. 10 for the New York Herald, met General Logan there after he had been wounded at Fort Donelson. The General had been made a brigadier-general, and by previous arrangement Major Carroll joined him as a member of his staff. some business matters and ordered Carroll to go up the river to Savannah, Tenn., and report to General Grant as one of Logan's

Before this, however, Carroll had met the great soldier and gained his confidence, and was the only newspaper man in his cabin about the 20th of March, 1862, when Grant was presented with the sword of a brigadier-general. That sword is now in the National Ma oum in this city, and Major Carroll says it has no proper identification further than that it is a portion of the effects of Grant. He has expressed the intention of furnishing its history to the

A reporter met Major Carroll yesterday afternoon and found him in a reminiscent mood. When asked to tell this interesting story he did so, as follows:

"General Logan went over to Fort Donelson and I started for Savannah, reaching therr about day break on the morning of the 6th of April, 1862. I reported at Gen. Grant's headquarters to Adjutant Rawlins, afterwards his Secretary of War, with whom at that time I was well acquainted. Buell's army arrived in the rear of Savannah on the night of the 5th, although he had been due by ordinary marches some eight or ten days previous. This march, I believe, was purposely delayed by the commanding officer of that army."

The Major then recited a number of incidents of the first day's fight; how, when he got in from a short stroll, he heard firing and saw Grant embark on his headquarters boat to go up the river to see what the trouble was. The Major asked permission to accompany the expedition, and did so. Gen. Lew Wallace's command was found at Crump's Landing and ordered to await instructions. General Grant, march-ing, reached Pittsburg Landing about 8:30, and not, Major Carroll insists, at noon, as has been claimed. After going through much of the detail of that famous first day's fight, and reciting the details of the artillery duel engaged in between the enemy and the heavy guns of the Union forces, which were not mounted until late in the day, and which then did such effective work, the Major related an incident that will be of interest.

WHERE GRANT SPENT THE FIRST NIGHT. It has long been a matter of dispute as to the whereabouts of General Grant on the night of the first day's fight. Major Carroll relates that that night the headquarters were in the vicinity of a huge log, the only mark by which they could be located. Here the officers slept in a hard rain. During the night Grant and Carroll arose and went to log house used as a hospital, in which Rawlins had already taken refuge. The Major, speaking of this incident, said:

"The General was utterly exhausted and had no insignia of rank upon him, and I thought it best he should not be known, for I wanted him to get a good night's rest. I sttempted to get a place for him to sleep, but could not. I found a bench large enough for two and sat down upon it, the General by my side. He fell asleep, and I took his head in my arms, and held him there for four or five hours, only revealing his identity to his adjutant, Rawlins. He was inquired for time and again, but no one knew he was there but myself and Rawlins, and we thought he needed the sleep, and let him have it.

"Finally, at the approach of day an officer came in saying that he was positive Grant was there and that he had information that the commanding officer must be possessed of. I called Rawlins and we awoke the General. He held a short conawoke the General. He held a short conference with the officer and issued an order for firing to begin at daybreak. Despite all reports to the contrary, that was where General Grant spent that night—getting the rest he so much needed."

"The result of the second day's fight is a matter of history," continued the Major, "but there are some circumstants.

"but there are some circumstances connected with that victory that should be no-ticed. On the first day the enemy got possession of our camp and all of our sup-plies, and the largest amount of sutlers' goods ever found in the Army of the Ten-nessee. The confederates had a revelry that night if ever an army had one. So it happened that in the morning a great part of that army was drunk, and had lost a whole night's rest by being shelled by our gunboats. This left them in an exhausted condition, although they were our superi ors in numbers. In the meantime Wallace came up, and at the close of the second

day's light the enemy was in retreat."

This brought the Major up to the newspaper part of his story. In the afternoon of this day, while the enemy was in re-treat, he was in a ravine off the Corinth road, and met General Buell and his staff. Knowing the whereabouts of this officer it so happened that he again met him that evening towards dusk in the delivery of certain orders, and a colleguy took place between General Buell and Carroll, in which the officer catechised Carroll as to the purposes of General Grant. To these questions the Major was unable to give answer, but stated that Grant's troops were too exhausted to pursue the enemy and capture them, if it could be done within five miles. Continuing, Major Carroll said: "I had a further conversation with Buell's staff officers and discovered the sentiment and opposition of the commander of the Army of the Cumberland toward Grant. I returned to headquarters about dark and told Adjutant Rawlins what I had heard. and upon his advice I went to Grant and told him. The General immediately wrote a dispatch and gave it to me to deliver to Buell, but in the darkness I lost him. In the meantime, however, Buell reported at

HEADING OFF OTHER CORRESPONDENTS. "I then had a consultation with officers Rawlins, Hilyar and Logan, of Grant's staff, and Commodore Graham, of the transports, as to what would be the result if the correspondents who accompanied Buell's army and were imbued with his septiments got off the first report of the battle. On my way down the river I had learned that communications had been established with the North at Fort Henry, and I was the only man in the army who knew it, owing to the fact that the wires should not rashly embrace the onton-eating had been connected just on the eve of the battle and no reports had been sent to the dote for all pain. Let them consider the

would put a transport at my disposal I would send off the first news of the battle. "Commodore Graham turned over to me one of the transports then under steam, with instructions to the captain that he was under my orders until he reached Cairo. Having failed to find Mr. Wilson, the only correspondent of the Herald whom I knew, and who had been present at the beginning of the fight we started towards. beginning of the fight, we started towards Savannah. I went to sleep and did not wake until the next day at 10 o'clock. I kept my identity quiet, and when I got about in the morning I saw that a number

of the war correspondents had boarded the boat at Pittsburg Landing. "Among them was Whitelaw Reid, then the correspondent of the old Cincinnati Gazette. I did not begin to write my story until late in the afternoon. I was sitting on the upper deck and we were approaching the landing. I had my story about completed, and was reeling quite good over my prospective beat, when a gust of wind came along and blew all of my work into the river but the last two or three pages. Fort Henry was then not more than a mile away. I had no copy. and the rest of the correspondents had been writing more or less all day from their notes. I walked the deck, waiting for the boat to land, trusting then only in my ex-clusive knowledge of the existence of the telegraph office.

"When the boat struck the wharf I imped ashore and ran up to the little log house that was being utilized as a telegraph office, and found the operator. A bright \$10 gold-piece fixed him. I told him there might be some other men there, but for him to make some excuse, and he said he would. I knew I had control of the line then and felt better.

"In a moment or two a number of correspondents came trooping in. They had heard of the established communications after the boat landed. That operator was true to his word. It was a severe, stormy night and the lightning was playing around at a lively rate. Every man wanted to have his special filed first. The operator informed them he could not guarantee their transmission, for the reason that the wires were full of lightning, but that if they would leave them he would do the best he could. This was at 7 o'clock at

"While I was standing there Whitelaw Reid wrote a dispatch to the Gazette, giving in brief the result of the battle and stating that he would be in Cincinnati by Friday following with full particulars. As I looked over his shoulder and read those few lines my mind was made up. I must beat him in some way before he could get off for Cincinnati.

"I left those correspondents dickering with the operator and rushed to the boat, told the captain to ring his bell and go ahead, that I released him from my orders. It was laughable the way those men rushed back to the boat. After I saw the steamer under way I began to write my story.
That special had to go around by the way
of Fort Donelson, Smithland, Ky., Paducah,
then up to Cairo and across through the North to New York. All newspaper stuff was subject to censorship, and after the operator had been sending a little while, an inquiry came from Fort Donelson to the effect that the commanding officer wanted to know who was sending it. learned the officer was Gen. Logan, and told the operator to send back word that it was Carroll. Gen. Logan sent back word that it should go shead. After another dash at it the operator stopped and said that, owing to the distance and round-about course, I had already incurred an expense that was running into the hundreds, and wanted to know what assurance he would have that the bill would be paid. showed him a letter of instructions, and from that time on it was all plain sailing. I had, of course, no other source of information than my own observation, and had had no opportunity for consultation with anyone. Much detail was omitted and only the salient points and general results of the battle put on the wire.

THE STORY COMES BACK WEST. "Whitelaw Reid reached Cairo the next afternoon following, and my dispatch to the Herald, reproduced, met him when he reached Cincinnati. I had to wait at Fort Henry for two days for a boat, and when returned to headquarters I found General Webster in Grant's headquarters reading from some newspaper an account of the tight. I was intensely chagrined at what had apparently proved to be a truitless mission on my part. While reading the last part of the dispatch, which was all I heard, I thought the diction sounded much like my own, Webster turned to me and said:

"That's the fairest first report I have ever seen published of any fight with which am familiar,' and then turning to me he said: 'What do you know of this, Major?' "I grasped the paper anxiously and saw that it was a Chicago Tribune and the re-port was one headed a special to the New York Herald says so and so.' I had gained the end for which I had struggled and had beaten all the rest of the boys. Was I happy? Why shouldn't I be? The Heraid on receipt of that dispatch got out an extra. and the next morning's papers went to Europe on an outgoing vessel. Public opin-ion on both sides of the water was well founded before any other story of that great battle got into print, and I honestly believe it did much to stem the sentiment that had been fostered and encouraged against General Grant.

"General Grant was never a demonstrative man, and in a subsequent talk he told me that he was under obligations to me for the zeal that I had displayed in reporting the battle and putting him aright before the people of the country.

"That special was published forty-eight hours ahead of all others, and ahead of any official communication. It was impossible to get any report from General Grant, Halleck had accepted Buell's report of the bat-Grant had sent the report back to Buell three times on account of its inaccuracies and misstatements. For this reason Grant

declined to make any report.

"The Herald wired me to come to New York at once. I did so. What they wanted was a detailed story of the battle, but in the meantime Reid had written his famous 'Agate' letter, and when I arrived in New York I was too late. But we had 'em all in

the first report. "Before leaving Grant he asked me if was going to Washington and I told him I was. He then asked me to call and see Mr. Washburne and have a talk with him. I did so, and Mr. Washburne was exceedingly glad to see me. I told him the situation as I knew it and he wanted me to make a report of it to the President. Mr. Washburne notified President Lincoln that I was at the capital, and if he desired to see me I would call. In response to his request Mr. Washburne and I went to the White House and it was my pleasure to give the President some valuable information concerning the great soldier in the South who had done so much and who was being at that time so much abused by those who should have stood by him.
"And that," said Major Carroll, "is the whole story of how the New York Herald came to beat all its contemporates in getting a story of the great battle of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing."

Platonic Friendship.

Chicago Herald. Platonic friendship between a man and woman can exist. It exists many times un-til the man is foolish enough to tell her a love story of his own-and some other woman. I overheard a woman telling another woman all about it the other day. They were at a table back of me in a restaurant. She said:

"We have been the best friends for years. I had never thought of being in love with him nor he with me. If I wanted to go anywhere, and had no one to escort me, would always send for him, and he seemed so pleased to come. Then to have him come and tell me all about his having been engaged to that woman at that time! I will never forgive him for it. And, indeed, I'll not call upon her. He is at liberty to marry, and marry her or anyone else, but he need not think I am willing to take up any woman simply because he is in love with her. Men are so conceited. Without doubt he has been thinking I've been on the verge of loving him, if I haven't already. He the only platonic friend I ever had, and don't want another."

Yes, Let Them Consider. St. Paul Pioneer Press.

They had to make two incisions in young lady of New York city to extract a tooth-brush she had swallowed. She bore the operation without incurring any serious danger, which the doctors strangely enough attribute to her habit of eating large quantities of raw onions. It may be that the strength of her breath is what drew the tooth-brush down her throat in the first place. At any rate young ladies dote for all pain. Let them consider the

TOLD BY FOUR NICE WOMEN

Part Fact and Part Fiction Concerning the Family Belle Bilton Has Joined.

The Davis Family of Roscommon-An Irish Girl's Wedding Ring Brought to Her Through Stone Walls-Old-Time Spook Stories,

New York Sun. They were five very nice women. You knew they were very nice, because four of them had gathered into their hostess's room about half past 11 at night to have a little gossip, which didn't mean scandal nor malice. Their hostess herself said: "Isn't that the loveliest face in the world?

Doesn't that woman look like an angelf Did you ever see such beautiful eyes, or a mouth that looked as if it were made only for sweet words such as that?" They all four looked at the picture. It was a photograph of a beautiful woman,

and all four at once said:

"Who is it?"

And the hostess answered: "It's Lady Clancarty. They used to know her at the music-halls under the name of Belle Bilton, but to-day she can be presented at court and nobody can say nay to her, for, according to all accounts, she has been pretty careful ever since she was married to Viscount Dunlo. You know I have always had a bit of liking for genealogies and things like that, so I determined to find out all I c d about the Clancarty family. I went down to the library, and I burrowed in old books until I was amazed at the parts played by women in the Clanearty history. These Clancartys only became Clancartys on the 12th day of December, 1803. Now I will give you their history. The family names is Trenche, and they took their name from the La Trenches, who were said to be lords in Poitiu. Evidently they got tired of lording it there, for one of them came to Northumberland in 1575. He had the somewhat numerous family of the period, and his second son got a living in County Meath, in Ireland. He counts of the Emerald Isle that Frederick Trenche moved to the hilarious place in 1631 and settled in County Galway. Then they went along for awhile in an unevent-

ful way, making a good bit of money, and in 1797 a gentleman who rejoiced in the name of William Power Keating Trenche, was made M. P. for Galway. That same year he was elevated to the peerage and got the title of Baron Kilconnel. Then in 1801 he was made Viscount Dunlo andhere's where the woman comes in-he was advanced to the earldom of Clancarty. Feb. 12, 1803, in consequence of his descent from Elena MacCarty, wife of John Power, daughter of Cormac Oge MacCarty, Vis-count Muskerry, and sister of Donough MacCarty, Earl of Clancarty. The motto of the Clancartys is "Consilio et prudentia" -I wonder if any of them have ever lived up to it? That of the Trenche's is abominably conceited. It is "Dieu pour la Tranche, qui contre."

"Yes," said another woman, "that shows how one woman got the Clancartys their title; but where do the others come in?" HOW THE OTHERS CAME IN.

"That's another story," bravely answered her hostess. "You have all seen the play. How many of you believed it? Well, my dear girls, it's absolutely true, and I found all about it in the old musty State Trials. Donough MacCarty, Earl of Clancarty, was lord of an immense domain in Munster. When he was fifteen years old he was married to Lady Elizabeth Spencer, daughter of Sunderland, Secretary of State for Charles II. The little bride was only eleven years old, and they were parted at the altar. The boy went to see his estates in Ireland. He had been raised a Protestant, but he found himself among men who were zealous Catholics; a Catholic king was on the throne, and so he as speedily changed his religion as he did his coat. When the revolution was over he followed the fortune of King James, and was mixed up in no end of conspiracies. He was in prison for three years, made his escape to the continent, and was received with great courtesy at the French court. His enormous estates had been confiscated and the greater part of them bestowed by the king on Lord Woodstock, the eldest son of Portiand. There was no doubt about it that the influence of his wife's family could have got him a pardon, but his father-in-law was selfish, base and covetous, and proposed, by fair means or foul, to marry his daughter to some one else.

"The girl had all the time nursed in her heart the picture of the handsome boy who had stood by her side, and his reck-lessness had all seemed like gallantry to her; so there was one from whom the ruined, expatriated, proscribed young nobleman was certain to find a welcome. He stole across the chanin disguise; he presented him-at Sunderland's door, asked to see Lady Clancarty, announcing that he had a message from her mother, who was ill at Windsor. He got to her, told her of the falsehood, told her who he was; and the wife received with all love and joy the hus-band about whom she had dreamed, of whom she had thought, and for whom she had prayed. Before morning a prying maid servant told the secret to her brother Spen-cer, and he, being a fanatical Whig, thought it his duty to carry the news that the Irish rebel was in hiding near by, and he proof soldiers to arrest him. They literally took Clancarty from his wife's arms and dragged him to the Tower. She followed him and implored permission to partake of his cell. All London society was in a great state of excitement. Donvonshire, and Bedtord, and men of high standing besought mercy because of the young wife, but the aid of a still more powerful intercessor was called in. Lady Russell was esteemed by the king as a valuable friend. The nation thought of her as a saint, the widow of a martyr, and when she asked a favor she was not refused. She took Lady Clancarty to King William, and as the young woman knelt before him she put the petition in his hand. Clancarty was pardoned on condition that he would leave the kingdom and never return to it, and so he retired, accompanied by his dear Elizabeth, to the continent, where they lived happy ever afterward, and where Lady Clancarty is credited with saying, as she does in the play, 'My court is where thou art-my country is in thine arms.' Now you see what I mean by saying that women came into the Clancarty family so much. The Earl of Clancarty came to England to see his wife, through his wife and Lady Russell he was saved from an ignominious death; then the title lapsed, and it was given to the present Clancartys because of their mother, and now one of the most beautiful women on whom eyes ever looked has become Lady Clancarty." A STORY THAT IS TRUE.

"Well" said one of the other women. " can tell a story too. It may be old, but it is always good, for it is real true. Years, years ago, Lady Beresford and Lord Tyrone were very intimate friends, and having very queer opinions about the hereafter they agreed that which ever one should die first would, if it were possible, come back and tell the other. This promise had been and tell the other. This promise had been made when they were almost children, and Lady Beresford married and almost forgot about it. But on the 14th of October, 1693, you see the Beresfords keep the date with wonderful exactness, Lady Beresford awoke and saw the figure of Lord Tyrone standing beside her bed. She gazed at it, and, to her astonishment, the figure spoke, telling her that he was the ghost of Lord Tyrone, who had died that night, and that he had come to keep his promise. She summoned up courage enough to say he must give her some proof: so he took must give her some proof; so he took his hand and made a mark against a wardrobe, then he caught the heavy brocade bed curtains, tied them in a knot near the top, which was quite close to the ceiling, a something which it was im-possible for a living man to do unless he had gone up on a stepladder; then he wrote his name, the date and the hour in her tablets, and, laying his finger upon her wrist, made a mark. He told her that she battle and no reports had been sent to the officers. Although on the staff I still held pain the habit gives those who do not in- ber fortunate in her marriage, and die in her forty-second year in childbirth.

DISTRICT TELEGRAPH COMP'Y her forty-second year in childbirth.

She went to sleep again, and when she wakened up was prepared to laugh at what she thought was a dream, but she looked at her bed curtains, which were twisted away up on the top of the bed. She glanced at her wardrobe, and there was the imprint of a hand upon it. She caught up her tablets, and as she did so she saw the curious mark on her wrist, and here is the beautiful part, it never faded away, and from that time on she always were a black

"Years went by, and on her birthday she had a party of friends about her, and she said: 'Well, I never expected to see this day. I have now completed my forty-second year,' 'No, indeed,' replied the old family elergyman, 'I can certify that you are to day only entering on forty-two for are to-day only entering on forty-two, for I officiated at your ladvship's christening.' She had not then passed the fatal limit, and that night she died, as the ghost had predicted, in giving birth to a child. There used to be a picture of her that showed the band around her wrist, but it was injured in removing it from one place to another, and I don't know where it is now. Isn't that a good ghost story to have in your family."

THE THIRD AND FOURTH. "Oh," bravely spoke the third woman, "I know a much spookier one than that Down in Roscommon any peasant can tell you about the Davis family. Years ago they persecuted a lot of good monks and burned the monastery, and as the last monk of all died he called down the curse of heaven upon them, and said that no Davis if he broke a bone could ever have it set, and that when they died the monastery would be lit up for joy. Now, I have seen a couple of the Davis men. They are great hunting men, and they declare that it is true that they have never been able to get a broken bone to set; and every peasant in the county will tell you how as each Davis died, the ruins of the old monastery are lighted up and all the dead and gone monks are seen marching in order to the spook story!"

chapel. What do you think of that for a Then the fourth woman looked scornful, and she said: "What you've all told belongs to some body else. My story is my own. I had wicked ancestors myself. Long, long ago, when the Hilliarys were rich Protestants in Ireland, one of their sons had the bad taste, as they thought, to fall in love with a pretty Catholic girl. There was a great time in the family. The Protestant young man was threatened to be cut off without a shilling, and the Catholic young lady was threatened with even worse things. So these true lovers were parted. The girl, with a stubbornness that I admire, wouldn't have any other young man as long as she couldn't get her own, and so she announced her intention of going into the Carmelite convent. She asked permission to speak to her sweetheart once before she took her vows, saying she did not care who was present when she did so. And before her stern parent the little lady walked up to him. and putting her hand in his she said: "They can separate us in life, but we will be together in death. Give me back my weddingring when the time comes,' and she put on his finger a little blue ring that she had worn for a long time. Years went by, and one day there came to the convent a man asking to see the Superior. He wanted her to tell a certain Sister Ysabel of the death of some one who had been very fond of her, and the Superior asked, 'Who are you?' and he said, 'I am the father of the man she loved.' 'Then,' said the Superior, 'you shall see her,' and she took him into a little room just off the chapel, and there, stretched out with her arms crossed and her pure white face looking as if she were speaking with the angels, because of the heavenly smile upon it, was Sister Ysabel, cold in death, and on her marriage finger was the little blue ring that she asked should be placed there by her sweetheart. They had died at the same hour. Nobody knew how the ring got there, they only knew it was there. All of his life the true lover had worn it, and when he was dead it was gone, and, clasped in his hand, held so tight that no one could get it out, was a pearl rosary, the like of which had never been seen in the Hilliary house before. Now, as these people were my very own, I should think that I could claim to have the best story of all."

And the fifth woman got up and said: "Goodness gracious! It's nearly 4 o'clock in the morning, and the spooks will get every one of us!"

And they all scampered off to their rooms as if ghosts and ghostesses, spooks and spookesses were all in full chase after them.
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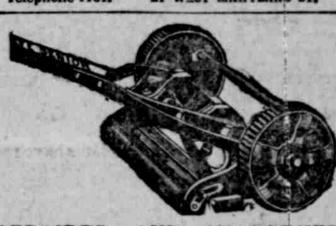
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